

The Ruination of Mose.

WOBBLING JIBBLETS AND LOVING FILLY.

Far down in the Everglades there once lived a very bright and industrious youth named Mose. He was born there when quite a little chap and very young, and had lived there up to the time when he was about sixteen years old. Then his father decided to send him to school and have him learn Latin, Greek and Arithmetic, spelling, reading, and everything that one of the first gentlemen of the land should know.

Now Mose had a very good father who wanted to do the best he could for his son, so he decided to send him to the best school in the United States. Thus it happened that one day about the last of September Mose and his trunk arrived at the University of Florida. Here he was cordially received by his future schoolmates, who about the third day gave an entertainment in his honor called a trunk party. During the first few days of his stay he earned for himself an enviable reputation as a biscuit destroyer.

In about a week he was comfortable stowed with all his belongings in a suite of one room. The excitement of metropolitan life and bustle grew common place, and he quit looking up trying to see the tops of the three story skyscrapers, and settled down to hard study.

But he was not long to enjoy peaceful quietude. When he had spent about a month at Gainesville he was one day walking down Broadway Avenue, the beautiful boulevard that connects the University and the High School, when he espied a vision in an orange dress and red stockings approaching. She was indeed a dream. Her beautifully moulded face was of the polka-dot pattern, and her slender, shapely form resembled the old time pillow with a string around the middle. He turned around to watch her after she passed, and caught a smile from her in return.

That night Mose could hardly sleep for the strange new feelings which had come over him. He kept dreaming of rescuing her from a small dog, or catching her in his arms as she fell from the elevated railroad. Visions of her lovely countenance crept into his dreams all night, and he awoke determined to make her acquaintance by some means.

Imagine his joy when at a dance about a week later he saw her standing at the entrance. "Now is my chance," he said to himself, and nudging his friend Arthur Blankson, he whispered a few hurried words in his ear. In another moment he was beside his lady love, Miss Bedelia—talking earnestly and eagerly feasting his eyes on the scattered beauty spots of her beaming countenance. During the evening he found an opportunity to make an engagement for the following Friday night to take her to a dance.

He spent the next week poring over his books trying to keep his mind on them, but invariably the image of his adored one would blot out the lines. Often his roommate would rudely awaken him from his day dreams by remarks about vulgar Latin or carnal algebra, and bring back his mind from the little house in East Gainesville near the High School.

At last the much longed for Friday night arrived. About eight o'clock Mose tremblingly approached the little house arrayed in his best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. He was ushered into the parlor by mamma, and made to feel perfectly at home. It so happened that this night was a small plate of fudge sitting on the mantel, which the lady kindly offered him. He graciously obliged her by helping himself. Presently she entered. His heart leaped into his throat, and he could only blush and return her beaming smile with a dry grin.

The next they knew they were gliding gracefully and lightly over the smooth floor of the ballroom

keeping time to the strains of delicious music. But, alas! Too soon it was all over. As the clock struck the hour of twelve the orchestra played the beautiful old waltz, "Home, Sweet Home," and wound up with a solemn "taantum."

The next time he saw her was a week later. This time Mose was cut out of the melodious company of his angel by his friend Arthur, but by special permission he was allowed to accompany the two home to get another nibble of fudge.

As he was about to take a fond farewell he inquired for his hat, and as it was handed to him he placed it upon her snowy brow and proceeded to collect the forfeit. He pressed her fondly to his bosom in his strong, manly arms, and touched his passionate lips to her velvety cheek, making a solemn snap like the bursting of an automobile tire. The deed was done. The girl indignantly slammed the front door and shut him out in the cold, cruel, lonesome, loveless, heartless world.

Alas! alas! Poor Mose. The news of his complete and entire destruction flew throughout the whole city and is known all over the campus and barracks. Selah! Amen! Finis.

The Way the Thread Is Taken From the Imprisoned Insect.

The American consul at Tananave, Madagascar, sends an interesting report on the manufacture of silk from spiders' web.

The first difficulty in securing the thread direct from the Madagascar spider ("balabe," big spider, the natives call her) was met with in devising a suitable holder to secure the living spider while winding off the web. This was originally performed by confining the spiders in empty match boxes with their abdomens protruding, thus making so many living reels. The extraction of the web does not apparently inconvenience the insects, although care has to be taken not to injure them. From that stage has been evolved a frame of twenty-four small gullotines, in each of which a spider is secured in such a manner that on one side protrudes the abdomen, while on the other the head, thorax and legs are free. The precaution of keeping the legs out of the way is necessary, because the spiders, when their secretion is spun off in this fashion, are liable to break off the web with their legs.

The spider submits without resistance to the winding off of its thread. After the laying period or formation of the web it can be reeled off five or six times in the course of a month, after which the spider dies, having yielded about 4,000 yards. Native girls do the work.

Narrow Escapes.

An Edinburgh minister rolled a thousand feet down the steep of Ben Nevis and lived to tell the tale. Admiral Sir Novell Salmon was clean shot through at Locknow and returned as dead, but came up smiling soon afterward. Similar was Lord Wolseley's experience in the Crimea; but, though pretty well riddled with shot and shell and deprived of the sight of an eye, he was able soon after to enjoy a laugh over his own obituary. Not long ago there was a girl up on trial in a London police court who had twice attempted to commit suicide, but two trains had passed over her and left her unscathed.

A Deadly Spider.

Papua is the home of a small spider the body of which is about the size of a pea. It is black in color, with a brilliant red spot in the center of the back. It is frequently to be found making its nest in old packing cases which have lain neglected for some time. Unless molested it will not attack. The bite is very small, although fatal in inverse proportion. The chief effect of the virus is that it paralyzes the intestines of the patient and contracts them into knots.

Too Much For Her Memory.

"You had man," exclaimed the flustering hostess, "you've kept everybody waiting."

"Pardon me," replied the young poet. "I have been loitering on the slopes of Helicon."

"Helicon? Where's that? Another of those new north shore places? I never can remember the funny names they give them towns up that way."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Discouraging.

Collector—"I'm sorry, Mr. Slowpay, but your tailor has been obliged to put his account against you into my hands for collection. Mr. Slowpay—He has, eh? Do you work on a commission basis?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then I'm sorry for you."

Found Out.

She—You're just like all the rest of the men. Here we've been married only a year, and you never kiss me unless I ask you to. He—You're like all the rest of the women. You never think to ask me to kiss you unless you want money.—Illustrated Bits.

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